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A D D R E S S  
TO THE  
GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING]

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T O T H E

GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

B Y

The Rev. THOMAS PENROSE,

Curate of NEWBURY, BERKS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for, and sold by S. CROWDER, No. 12, PATER-NOSTER-  
Row; and by J. WILLIS, NEWBURY.

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A D D R E S S  
T O T H E  
G E N I U S O F B R I T A I N .

C O M E, genial spirit, to the earnest call  
Of the true Patriot ! wheresoe'er thou art,  
O ! mark the summons ! Whether airy borne  
In hasty progress, pleased thou skimme'st the edge  
Of the white bulwark ; from the steepy height  
Kenning the azure wave, thy own domain ;  
While on the pebbled shore, scarce heard so high,  
The surf breaks foaming. In the distant view  
Full frequent pass the wondrous labourers  
Of Commerce, or the gaily-floating pride  
Of naval armament.—Or whether deep

B

In

In midland occupation glad thou seest  
 The various labours of the chearful Loom,  
 Or Agriculture whistling at the plough.  
 Whether the Anvil-notes engage thy stay,  
 (Tho' dissonant, yet music to the ear  
 Of him who knows his country,) or the hum  
 Of the thick crouded Burse ;—come and attend  
 To BRITAIN'S general good ! 'Tis not the shout,  
 The din of Clamour, drunk with factious rage  
 That hails thee, nor the well-dissembling tongue  
 Of masked Sedition, whose envenomed rant  
 Urges the croud to madness.—Not to these  
 List heedful.—'Tis the cool persuasive voice  
 Of Reason woos.—Quick then with brightest smiles  
 Of mild Humanity adorn thy cheek :  
 Straight o'er the Atlantic surge, with anxious haste,

Seek

Seek out thy penfive daughter;—once as dear  
 And closely twining round thy milky breast,  
 As was AGUSTA's self.—Yet now estranged—  
 Unhappily estranged ! O by the hand  
 Take the fair mourner ; from her tearful eye  
 Wipe the dim cloud of sorrow ;—to the Throne  
 Present her reconciling.—'Tis a boon,  
 Most glorious boon, that to our latest sons  
 Will render thy soft influence doubly dear.  
 Look back, unmoved by Prejudice, look back  
 To Memory's mirrour. Pictured there we see  
 The happy times of Concord ; when the arm  
 Of Manufacture plied the busy task  
 In various employment :—thro' the eye  
 Beamed Cheerfulness, while all around her sons  
 Glad industry pour'd forth from Plenty's horn

Abundant

Abundant wealth :—hence to the crouded port  
 Pass, thought, and mark the ants of Commerce store  
 The spacious hold ; light ran the toilsome day,  
 Cheer'd by the hope of the honest recompence.  
 The bark unmoor'd, see how the festive crew  
 Urged on her speedy course ; not fad to quit  
 Their native soil, for in those happier days  
 AMERICA was home. There on the shore  
 Stood Expectation, friendly by her side  
 Smiled Hospitality, with open breast,  
 Pleased to receive the sea-beat traveller :  
 Cherish'd, enrich'd that traveller returned  
 Blessing his double country.—These thy sweets,  
 Fraternal intercourse ! But ah ! how changed,  
 How sadly changed is now the present scene,  
 Pregnant with future griefs ! In fullen state

Beneath

Beneath the gloomy roofs dull silence reigns,  
 Which erst in better times resounded quick  
 With strokes of active business: at the forge,  
 Extinct, in penfive poverty the smith  
 Desponding leans, incapable to earn  
 The morrow's morsel, while with craving eye  
 Look up the wife and child, but look in vain,  
 Faint with despair.—O'er the deserted loom  
 The spider forms her web, poor evidence  
 Of human sloth or want.—Fain would the muse  
 Suppress the mournful truth; yet forced to tell,  
 She weeps while she relates.—How are they fallen,  
 The sons of Labour, from their prosp'rous state  
 Degraded! How, alas! the crouded jail  
 Swarms with inhabitants, that once had hope  
 Of fairer evenings to their toilsome morn!

Filled is each cell of sorrow and of pain  
 With daily victims :—debtors part, entombed  
 While living, and condemned to linger on  
 To life's last ebb, unpitied, unrelieved :  
 Part felons, stamped the foes of social life  
 By Penury's rough hand, and driven to roam  
 The spoilers of the wealthy.—To distress  
 Abandoned, scarce the ruined mind perceives  
 It's own peculiar sorrows ; but sinks down  
 The creditor's fixed prey---or to the law  
 Submits the needful sacrifice.---Sad fate  
 Of those, whom Heaven designed their country's boast,  
 The artizans of skill.---Nor on the banks  
 Of venerable THAMES does woe preside  
 Less perilous ;---THAMES, the prolific fire  
 Of BRITAIN's wealth :---along his winding shores,  
 Unoccupied,

Unoccupied, moored to destructive sloth  
 Whole fleets lie perishing, a forest, true,  
 But still a blasted forest : gloomy stalks  
 The unshipped mariner, and meditates  
 On foreign service.---Should some child of Hope,  
 Lured by the pleasing retrospect, once more  
 Spread his broad sail across the well-known sea ;  
 Should he, amidst the wonders of the deep,  
 Give way to Fancy's dream, and fondly trust  
 To meet his wonted greeting : how recoils  
 The visionary voyage !---Not on the beach  
 Sit waiting Love and Amity to grasp  
 His hand, and lead him to their open bower.  
 No thronging crowds his proffered mart attend  
 With various traffic :---fled---affrighted---fled  
 Are all the little deities, that once

Kind,

Kind, o'er the social and commercial board  
 Hung hovering:—in their room, sad change, appear  
 Stern Resolution, stoick Stubbornness,  
 And Independence;—in his hand each holds  
 His weapon, jealous of the passing breeze,  
 And deaf to antient friendship.---In this pause,  
 'This solmen pause, that halts 'tween peace and war,  
 O fly, blest spirit, in the royal ear  
 Whisper forgiveness;---'midst the high behests  
 Of justice, let our ever-gracious SIRE  
 Forget not Mercy;---'tis the brightest gem  
 That decks the Monarch's crown: nor thou, great  
     GEORGE,  
 Disdain the Muse's prayer, most loyal she  
 In mild subjection down the tide of life  
 Steers her light skiff.---Urged by the plaintive call  
 Of meek Humanity, O! pardon, now

If

If warm she pleads her cause.--The savage race,  
 That prowl the desert, or that range the wood,  
 Are won to tameness by the attentive care  
 Of the kind gentle keeper.--Shame not man,  
 Nor say *his* heart's more fell :---'tis easier far  
 To sooth by tenderness, than awe by power.  
 Quit then the bloody purpose, nor persist  
 To *conquer*, when the field is fairer gain'd  
 By reconciling.---To the ungrateful toil  
 Commissioned, shuddering beats the soldier's heart.  
 Not so, when from the plough in eager haste,  
 Roused by the call to arms, the shouting bands  
 Rushed emulous, reluctant none, nor held  
 By loves or home;---each burning to supply  
 The waste of war, and anxious to advance  
 The common glory.---Spiritless now and sad

D

Embark

Embark the destined troops :---the veteran brave,  
 That dauntless bore the variegated woes  
 Of long protracted war :---the veteran brave,  
 That won on many a plain the bloody palm  
 Of victory, amidst the dying groans  
 Of slaughtered thousands firmly undismayed ;  
 Now hangs in tender thought his honest front,  
 Averse to slay his brother :---at the word,  
 (*Awful, yet sacred* to his patient ear)  
 He lifts indeed the steel, while down his cheek  
 The big drop flows, nor more he dreads the wound  
 That bores his vitals, than the stroke he gives.  
 Say therefore, “ *Sword be sheath’d,*”---fair in the sky,  
 Now cloudy, then the dawn of joy will spread  
 It’s warm reviving ray—and every eye  
 That’s misty now with sorrow, will grow bright,

And

And smile away its tears : the funny beam  
Of mild returning Confidence will cheer  
The kindred countries :---Commerce, on her couch  
Now drooping wounded, then will rear her head  
Charmed into health ;---and from her various store  
Will cull the sweetest flowers, and form a wreath  
To crown the temples of her PATRIOT KING.

F I N I S.

And smile away its tears: the sunny beam  
Of mild returning Confidence will cheer  
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To be called *Perseus*,

